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August 2019

Auld Langsyne

Author Unknown

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Auld Langsyne" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 799.
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THE Fatal Ramilies.

—:~:—
YOU soldiers and seamen draw near and
 attend,
 Unto these lines that have lately been penn'd;
 I'll tell you the dangers of the salt seas,
 Of the fatal destruction of the Ramilies.
 Oh, the fatal Ramilies!

Seventeen hundred and seventy brave men had
 we,
 With ninety good guns to bear her company;
 But as we were sailing, to our great surprise,
 A most terrible storm began for to rise.

The sea looked like fire and rolled mountains
 high,
 Whilst our seamen did weep, and our captain
 did cry,
 Boys, mind all your business, do all that you can,
 For if this storm lasts we are lost every man.

We all went to work our lives for to save,
 Whilst all our rigging did beat the salt wave;
 Bear away, says our captain, your skill do not
 spare,
 So long as we've sea-room the less we've to fear.

In a few moments after with a most dreadful
 shock,
 The fatal Ramilies she dashed 'gainst a rock;
 Both Jews, Turks, and Christians, might sorely
 lament,
 To hear the cries when first down she went

All you that are willing to do a good deed,
 In relieving the widows in their time of need,
 Bear a hand to assist them and God will you
 bless,
 With happiness greater than I can express.

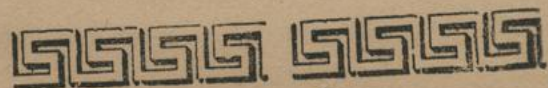
22 No. 541. 22



AULD LANGSYNE.



London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer and
 Publisher 177, Union Street, Borough, S.E.



Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 An' days o' langsyne?
 For auld langsyne, my dear,
 For auld langsyne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 An' pu'd the gowans fine,
 But we've wandered mony a wearie nt,
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paid't in the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid hae ro-d.
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

Noo there's a hand my trusty frien,
 An' gie's a hand o' thine,
 An' we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

An' surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
 As sure as I'll be mine,
 We'll tak' a right gude, willie waight,
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.